



# THE BUFFALO BILL STORIES

A WEEKLY PUBLICATION  
DEVOTED TO BORDER HISTORY

*Issued Weekly. By Subscription \$2 50 per year. Entered as Second Class Matter at New York Post Office by STREET & SMITH 238 William St., N. Y.*

No. 45.

Price, Five Cents.

## BUFFALO BILL IN THE BAD LANDS

OR  
TRAILING THE VEILED SQUAW



BY THE AUTHOR OF  
'BUFFALO BILL'

THE WINCHESTERS OF BUFFALO BILL AND HIS COMPANIONS CRACKED SIMULTANEOUSLY, AS THE INDIANS STARTED INTO VIEW  
FROM BEHIND THE ROCKS.





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By the author of "BUFFALO BILL."

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### CHAPTER I.

#### THE SUMMONS.

Two horsemen were spurring over the rough Nebraska plains between Rushville and the Pine Ridge Indian Agency, on a cold, blustering Monday forenoon, next preceding New Year's Day, in the very heart of the recent Indian disturbances in Southwestern Dakota and the Bad Lands.

"D'ye think we'll reach ther Ridge in time ter prevent a collision between the military and Big Foot's band, Bill?" asked the shorter and thicker set of the two horsemen, the celebrated scout, Buckskin Jack Russell by name.

"We can only do our best," replied his companion, bending his head to the cold northwest blast as he rode, for there was now snow in the air, with indica-

tions of worse to come. "I fear that Two-Strike may not have been able to communicate his commands to Big Foot, in accordance with his promise to me, in which case we may be too late to prevent a battle. But we can only hope for the best."

The last speaker was a man of singularly noble and picturesque presence—long-haired, eagle-eyed, stern and handsomely-visaged, an athletic frame, perfectly and splendidly equipped in accordance with the exigencies of the occasion. In fact, he was the beau-ideal of the daring far-West scout, but with world-wide experience and observation in his traits and bearing. He was the far-famed William Cody, or Buffalo Bill, of both realism and romance, the matchless army scout, on one of his old stamping-grounds, at the call of duty and inclination.



The two men were riding over a wild, little-frequented trail, the desolate wilderness before, around, and behind them, partly covered with snow.

Buckskin Jack looked at his companion with a peculiarly curious and inquisitive stare.

"Pard," said he, "no one seems ter make ye out. Ye air a sort er mystery 'ith ther army men, an' all ther rest of 'em."

"I don't mean to be, Jack," was the quiet response. "What is it they can't understand about me?"

"Your private 'pinion on ther Injun question—whether ye be 'ith ther army men 'r ther reds in your sympathies."

"There should be no doubt about me whatever in that respect, old fellow," observed Buffalo Bill, earnestly. "The hostiles are certainly not without their grievous wrongs in their present attitude, though such wrongs as the military authorities are in no wise responsible for. I would merely save them from their own madness—from the exterminating measures that must ensue should they precipitate a general Indian war. There you are, in a nutshell, Buckskin."

"An' arter they're once fairly under subjection, pard, what next, so ez these hyar troubles 'll never come agin?"

"Their entire, undivided control by the army authorities," promptly, "without any civil or political interference whatever."

"Good fer you!" cried Buckskin Jack. "I've never yet seed a true army man—officer or private—who didn't pity the redskins fer ther cruel wrongs thet hev so often goaded 'em ter frenzy, even while puttin' out ther iron hand to keep 'em within bounds. But, hullo! Look ahead!"

A solitary horseman had suddenly appeared on the bleak trail, a couple of miles ahead, as if awaiting their approach.

"It's one of Yankton Charley's half-breed scouts," said Cody. "He may have news for us!" And both men spurred on at a sharper pace, while the waiting horseman signaled with his hand.

"You're right—it's Louis Rameau, ther half-breed, an' ez good a scout ez ever flung a leg over a horse's back," cried Buckskin, and so it proved.

The solitary scout—an athletic fellow, half-Indian, half-soldier in garb and bearing—stood out motionless against the sky for a moment, and then came galloping to meet the pair in a whirl of dust and snow.

"What's the news, Louis?" demanded Buffalo Bill.

"Ther battle 'ith Big Foot's on, chief," was the laconic response.

"What! at Wounded Knee?"

"Yes; I'm on my way ter ther Ridge with ther news of it. Firin' had jest begun."

"What brought it on?"

"A fool buck firin' a single shot. Then all ther reds opened on us, 'thout a second's warnin', an' ther soldiers hed ter wade inter 'em on a punishin' scale."

"You are going to the agency now?"

"Yes."

"You know the wealthy lady, Mrs. Jernyngham, stopping there?"

"As is so anxious 'bout Miss Delmar, the young lady thet ran off 'ith Big Knife?"

"Or was carried off by him—yes."

"All right."

"I wish you would say to Mrs. Jernyngham from me that my call upon her must be deferred unt this evening."

"Is that all? Nothing about ther young lad yet?"

"Nothing—that is all."

Rameau waved his hand, and rode away to the eastward, while Cody and his companion dashed on in the opposite direction toward Wounded Knee Creek.

Deep as was Buffalo Bill's chagrin at what he had heard, he gave no expression to it in words, though Buckskin Jack was less reticent on the subject.

"It's too infernally bad!" exclaimed the latter. "Of course, thar'll be nothin' left fer the troops but ter wipe out Big Foot's hull band, in sheer self-de-



fense; an' then—holy smoke! ther hull Bad Lands'll like enough be in a red-hot blaze of Injun warfare!"

"Not if I can reach Two-Strike in time to prevent it," was the collected response. "Ha! there is the firing at last!"

"True ez ye live. Ther scream o' them shells is mighty unpleasant, even at this distance, an' thet rattle o' musketry sounds like murderin' business."

When the great scout and his companion reached the top of an eminence that commanded the scene, the carnage was at its height.

The cavalry troops under Major Whiteside's immediate command were hotly engaged with the infuriated hostiles, in open ground, just beyond the latter's tepees; the Ninth Cavalry, under General Forsyth, some dismounted, others in the saddle, were being hurried to their support; Lieutenant Taylor's Indian scouts, whose search of the tepees for concealed arms had prompted the unfortunate opening shot, were in hot pursuit of a mob of fugitives toward the coulees and ravines to the northward.

The guns were getting in their deadly work from neighboring hilltops; shells were screaming in their flight, bullets raining like hail, shifting wreaths and puff clouds of powder smoke obscured or disclosed the field by turns; and war was everywhere—war in miniature, perhaps, but none the less pitiless, bloody and devastating in all its features.

"Look out for Captain George Wallace, of Troop K," said Buffalo Bill, as they paused a moment to breathe their horses before galloping down to join in this scene of hell unloosed on earth. "It is Custer's old regiment, the Seventh, you know, that was nearly wiped out at the Little Big Horn. And gallant Captain George had a premonition, I have heard, that there was fresh misfortune in store for his troop."

"There he is!" cried Buckskin Jack, at last, pointing with his hand. "See! he is leading that charge to the left, and—good Lord! they're now in the very swirl of that mob of red devils. By Jupiter! they'll be rubbed out, Bill!"

"Not if I can help it. Come on, Buckskin!"

Then they dashed down the hill and into the battle at a breakneck gait.

"Mercy's out of date just now, Buckskin," called out the king of plainsmen, cool as a cucumber, though letting out right and left with a revolver in each hand, and with no diminution of his headlong speed. "Let 'em have it while you can."

"Don't fear for me, chief!" shouted Buckskin Jack, in response, imitating his chief's example with almost equal brilliancy and effect. "I'm with ye while thar's a hair on me hide!"

They kept together, even amid the confusion through which they dashed, while the troops sent up a congratulatory cheer. Then, as the two scouts were spurring directly toward the spot where Captain Wallace had last been seen, a yet fiercer cheer of welcome—a cheer with something savage, something of the Indian yell, in it—greeted them from a body of mounted Indians in Uncle Sam's regulation blue, on their right.

It was from Lieutenant Taylor's loyal Indian scouts, together with some Indian policemen, who were charging in pursuit of a fresh lot of fugitives toward the north side of the bloody field.

"Quick, Bill!" roared out Buckskin, a moment later. "Thar's Captain George still in ther saddle, and—no, he's down at last, by G——!"

But Buffalo Bill's horse at this critical juncture went down under him, with a bullet in its neck.

However, as he sprang lightly to the ground, Buckskin reached out his hand, which was instantly grasped, and, thus assisted, the grand scout sprinted along on foot at his mounted companion's side.

Then they were in the very midst of the bloody *mêlée*, which had been their objective point, and it was each man for himself, with Winchester or revolver, as the case might be.

A moment later, Buffalo Bill sprang upon a riderless pony, and with the faithful Buckskin still at his side, dashed headlong among the now panic-stricken hostiles, straight for the spot where the gallant officer of the Seventh had been seen to go down.



Too late!

The Little Big Horn was avenged, with the running hostiles, braves and squaws—for as both sexes were garbed alike and equally belligerent, there could be no discrimination made—being cut and shot down in every direction by the frenzied troopers, but Captain Wallace had already met his fate.

He was dead, beside his stricken horse, and amid a circle of his foemen slain—quite dead from a tomahawk blow, squarely received in the center of the forehead.

"It was the fate he would doubtless have chosen for himself, if needs must—a soldier's death, in the performance of his duty, and at the head of his charging troop!" commented the great scout, when regretfully contemplating the unfortunate officer's remains, a little later on. "True friend, gallant soldier!"

After this lamentable episode, the fight was little more than a running slaughter and murderous pursuit of the miserable savages at the hands of the troopers.

Of the latter, thirty-six, all told, were slain, as the result of that bloody day, or subsequently died of their wounds; while the fatalities among the Indians doubtless numbered, sooner or later, over two hundred.

When the affair was over, except for a pursuit that was being continued here and there, Buffalo Bill and Buckskin Jack, having procured desirable fresh mounts, were about setting off for Pine Ridge, without further delay, when they paused to take leave of General Forsyth and his officers.

On the general asking the scout what effect he thought the battle would have upon the gathering bands of hostiles and semi-hostiles in the abstract, Cody grew very grave.

"Bad, general, bad!" he replied, thoughtfully. "The actual hostiles will doubtless be excited to additional frenzy, while the effect upon the wavering friendlies may be even more unfortunate in determining them to join hands with those in open defiance.

In fact, I don't see how it can well be otherwise though I shall speedily have an opportunity of judging by personal observation."

"You don't mean to say that you intend venturing into the Bad Lands on your own responsibility, and at this critical state of affairs?" said General Forsyth in surprise.

"Yes; by to-morrow, perhaps; or, at all events soon after I have conferred with General Miles and General Brooke at Pine Ridge, whither I am going now, accompanied by my old friend, Buckskin, here."

The officer shook his head; though presently his anxious face brightened up.

"Is it on that quest for the runaway young lady which Mrs. Jernyngham is so interested in?" he inquired, taking the scout to one side.

"Yes," was the reply; "though my principal affair shall be with Two-Strike, in a last attempt to persuade him to come back peaceably to the agency with his people."

"A risky mission, Cody—almost a desperate one in this crisis, I should say."

"But a risk that must, nevertheless, be taken by some one, in the general interest of peace and security to the settlers; and why not by me as well as by some one else perhaps less fitted for the service?"

"If any one can succeed in such a mission, it must be yourself, Cody. Still, your secret power over Sitting Bull was not exerted to save that chieftain and his followers to the agency. Why should the secret power, which you are also credited with holding over Two-Strike, be of any more avail?"

The general accompanied these words with a keenly inquisitive glance, but the scout's face remained immovable.

"Thanks for your solicitude, general," said Buffalo Bill; "but I must be off now."

"Why not wait till to-morrow, when my whole command here will be falling back on the agency?" persisted the officer. "You two men will even now incur a tremendous risk in merely riding back to Pine Ridge alone."



"Buckskin and I are in the habit of taking our chances, general."

"One moment. Do you think that Mrs. Jernyngham's niece accompanied Big Knife's flight of her own will and inclination?"

"Most decidedly I do not, sir!" exclaimed the great scout, energetically. "Certain of the chief's kinspeople who have remained behind among the friendlies, have industriously sought to make the young lady's disappearance have that significance, but I have every reason to believe that she was forcibly abducted. There is, besides, another very good reason to that effect."

"What is that, if it is an open question?"

"Miss Delmar was engaged to a certain young gentleman, in every way worthy of her, before quitting the East on this ill-judged missionary tour. Mrs. Jernyngham, her aunt, is expecting to be joined by the young gentleman at almost any hour, and he will doubtless accompany me on my quest into the Bad Lands—should I deem him fit to share the perils and hardships of such an expedition."

"Ah, a good enough vindication of Miss Delmar's taste, certainly, and I am glad of it. Who else will accompany you, besides Buckskin Jack Russell?"

"Yankton Charley, the scout, and Red Tomahawk, the Indian guide, should they reach the agency in time. At present, both are already in, or on their way out of the Bad Lands. Otherwise, we shall make the undertaking without them."

Ten minutes later, when the two scouts, by no means unwilling to leave that groaning, corpse-strewn field far behind them, were spurring briskly away toward Pine Ridge, amid whirling snowflakes and other indications of a severe blizzard in prospect, a single horseman was seen signaling them as he came on swiftly to intercept them from the northwest.

"It is Yankton Charley," said Buffalo Bill, after inspecting the newcomer through his fieldglass. "Let us join him at once."

This was accordingly done, and the three scouts rode on together.

Yankton Charley, also a veteran scout, was just out of a perilous mission in the heart of the hostile region, and he looked it, too.

## CHAPTER II.

MRS. JERNYNNGHAM.

"Have you heard of the affair at Wounded Knee, Charley?" was Buffalo Bill's first question of the new arrival.

Yankton Charley was as dark as a half-breed, if not really one, and, moreover, with the general aspect of a born hunter-scout, tough, wiry, silent—a man of few words, and uncertain temper, with the eye of an eagle and the jaws of a mastiff.

"Yes, Big Chief Bill," he replied, in an odd, jerky, Indian-like way of speaking that he had. "Ugh! should say so. Met some fighters on my way up out of the Bad Lands, three hours ago. Stampeded panthers, and such a mob of 'em! Look at that!" and he pointed to a scratch on his pony's neck, and the half of an Indian arrow still sticking through the stirrup leather, which it had penetrated before snapping off, as indications of the dangers he had passed through.

"Thet does look like business, Yankton!" commented Buckskin Jack, with a responsive grunt almost as Indian-like as the one that evoked it.

Yankton had gone scouting individually into the Bad Lands three days previously, partly on public service and partly on Buffalo Bill's private account. The region there was fairly teeming with hostiles, who were daily receiving additions to their number from the disaffected among the so-called friendlies round about Pine Ridge and elsewhere. Their chief camp was a fortified village, under the redoubtable Two-Strike's general command, on a lofty rock-girt and practically inaccessible plateau in the very core of the Bad Lands. All were of fierce and warlike temper, which would probably be roused to a frenzied pitch by the news of the affair of Wounded Knee.



And, in the scout's opinion, nothing short of a signal defeat in a great pitched battle would ever dislodge them thence; if, indeed, they should not take the initiative by a combined attack on the military at Pine Ridge itself. The scout had succeeded in discovering that the missing young lady was held, as a virtual prisoner, by her admirer and captor, Big Knife, one of the most warlike and dangerous young Brule chiefs under Two-Strike's leadership, with a number of squaws, in a large tepee, or wigwam, some two miles back of the great hostile village, in the most difficult part of the elevated plain. More than this he had not been able to find out, and he had only at last succeeded in making his escape out of the enemy-infested Bad Lands after many perilous adventures and trying hardships, or, as the slang but graphic saying goes, by the skin of his teeth. Such was the substance of Yankton Charley's report to Buffalo Bill, delivered at much greater length in his odd way, and elicited by many questionings.

"Discouraging enough, but might be worse," was the great scout's comment upon this batch of intelligence; and then came another question, on a somewhat different line: "What luck has Red Tomahawk had? Have you seen or heard anything of him?"

Yes; the messenger out of the Bad Lands should say he had, though chiefly indirectly, and by hearsay.

Red Tomahawk was a brave Ogallala Indian who had participated prominently in and survived the bloody fight attendant upon the capture and death of the great Sioux medicine man, two weeks previously.

He had now been absent several days on a secret mission into the hostile country involving interests no less delicate than dangerous, and his return thence was awaited with no little anxiety by Buffalo Bill, who not only held the Indian scout in great personal esteem, but was desirous of associating him with the hazardous undertaking which he himself was now contemplating.

"Red Hatchet has got away with the young lady he was in search of," explained Yankton Charley, at last, "but he is now making tracks back for the Bad

Lands. In fact, chief, I saw him but two or three hours ago, and advised him to take that course. Here is a bit of writing for you," handing over a slip of paper. "It was given me by that young man, Jackford, who is with Red Tomahawk and the young gal, the chief's adopted daughter, whom they have succeeded thus far in rescuing."

Buffalo Bill tore open the note, and hastily scanned its contents.

"Aha!" he exclaimed, half to himself. "This is a description of their secret retreat, where they will doubtless have to remain pending a rescue. This will have to be attended to without delay, but, instead of interrupting, may only serve my own affair over there in the Bad Lands. But we shall see."

He thrust the paper into the bosom of his hunting jacket, and then, notwithstanding that but little let-up had been made in their vigorous march, they spurred their steeds at a yet livelier pace on over the frozen wastes and through the whirling snow.

"It's luck for me that I stole a fresh mount jest afore gittin' out o' ther Bad Lands," observed Yankton Charley, after a goodly number of their eighteen miles of journey had been covered, and when the wintry dusk was beginning to gather down over the desolate scene. "Otherwise, I'd hev a mighty small show of keepin' up with them nags o' your'n an' Buckskin, colonel."

"These hyar brutes didn't cost us no more than your'n did you, Yankton, I'm bettin' on it," Buckskin Jack took it upon himself to answer. "An' I'm also betting that they're the prize ponies of Big Foot's herd."

The words were hardly out of his mouth when there was the crack of a rifle from not far away, and one of the animals whom he thus vaunted—the one that he himself bestrode—fell dead in his tracks, with a bullet in his brain.

"An ambushade!" exclaimed Buffalo Bill, instantly pulling up, and taking in the situation with his wonderful presence of mind. "Down with you, and then to cover!"



He was out of the saddle, and behind his own prostrate horse almost before the words were spoken—his companions, obedient to the same instinct, following his example on the instant.

Then there was the simultaneous crack of their three Winchesters, and, out of four mounted Indians, hideous in their warpaint, who started, with a yell, into view from behind some neighboring rocks, two toppled, dead, out of their saddles, while the remaining two galloped off, with a parting whoop of disappointed rage, and with one of the riderless steeds in leading.

"My shot was for the smoke puff that marked the one that gave us the tip," quietly observed Buffalo Bill, indicating an isolated rock not far away. "Those other rascals were a little too hasty in disclosing themselves, or they might have had our scalps at their belts. Let us investigate."

This was accordingly done, with due precaution. The veteran scout's bullet had told, no less than those of his companions. Behind the rock indicated, the firer of the shot, a brawny Brule warrior in full war paint, was found, stone dead, shot through the head, his rifle still tightly grasped, his pony, a miserable brute, completely winded, in concealment close at hand.

After Buckskin had availed himself of the other captured pony to replace his own, the trio pushed on their way, and finally reached the agency without any further interruption.

A little later on, when he had had some supper and made himself presentable, Buffalo Bill called upon Mrs. Jernyngham, who was stopping at the house of the principal trader.

"I received your message by Mr. Rameau, sir," said the lady, giving him her hand. "Ah, it is all true, then, sir—this terrible news of the battle with Big Foot's Indians?"

Mrs. Jernyngham was a dignified lady of more than middle age, whose refined presence seemed singularly out of place in its present surroundings.

A few months previous, her niece and ward, Miss

Blanche Delmar, had come to the agency with several other ladies of like inexperience and inclinations, for the purpose of personally inquiring into the condition of the Indian children at the Government and mission schools. Her associates in this inquiry had speedily tired of their self-imposed task, and returned to their more congenial spheres. Miss Delmar had remained. Shortly before the opening of this story she had disappeared. Various reasons had led to an impression that she had accompanied Big Knife, a handsome and partly-educated young chief, in his flight to join, with his family and personal following, Two-Strike's growing force of hostiles and discontents in the Bad Lands. But this impression was not shared by all. There were those who felt certain that the young lady's interest in the young chief had been of a purely educational character, and that she was far more likely to have been forcibly abducted while on a visit to Big Knife's squaw relatives in one of his large tepees just prior to his flight.

The former and more prevalent impression had been industriously fostered by such of the chief's relatives as remained at the agency, doubtless because of certain reflected importance which it gave them, by reason of the missing lady's wealth, beauty and social position. The latter opinion was shared by the best society, military and otherwise, at the post.

Hence Mrs. Jernyngham's presence there, and the profoundly anxious interest she was manifesting to ascertain the truth.

"It's all true about the battle at Wounded Knee, ma'am," replied the great scout. "I witnessed it myself—a terrible affair. But let us not talk of that now, as I'm quite certain that the affair can in no case make the situation worse for Miss Delmar in her captivity."

The lady's face brightened. It was pleasant to have him speak so of her niece's captivity; and when he went on to tell her the substance of the report brought in by Yankton Charley from the Bad Lands, with regard to Miss Delmar's undoubted forcible de-



tention in the vicinity of Two-Strike's hostile village, the good lady's sense of relief was good to see.

"I have known and felt it from the start, Mr. Cody!" she exclaimed. "But, then, my niece's reputation can only be thoroughly vindicated by her rescue at the earliest possible moment. And that any one should have dared to suspect a young lady of Blanche Delmar's intelligence and breeding to have gone off there in that murder-haunted wilderness of her own inclination—to have felt an attachment for a—a red savage—a common Indian!"

"Not to be thought of for a minute, ma'am," said the scout, soothingly. "But—er—this Big Knife isn't altogether a common Indian, you see."

"No?" in surprise.

"Well, no, ma'am. He's a chief of no little consequence in his tribe, besides having remained true to his promises and obligations until quite recently. And Big Knife is, moreover, I must confess, one of the handsomest, noblest specimens of the red race I ever encountered."

"That is no difference to me; so long as he is an Indian," observed Mrs. Jernyngham, with angry impatience. "The mention of his absurd name in connection with Miss Delmar's is sufficiently preposterous and injurious in any event."

"Assuredly, my dear madam!" replied the scout, with a readiness that once more restored the lady's calmness.

"Of course, you must see the matter in its proper light, since you are a gentleman, sir," she said, with renewed cordiality. "You know that the expense is nothing to me in this matter. So now, pray, make yourself comfortable, and tell me when you shall set out on your expedition to rescue my niece."

Mrs. Jernyngham had the best accommodations of the traders at her disposal. But when her visitor had settled himself into the comfortable easy-chair to which she assigned him, she was not a little disappointed to have him explain to her why it would be at least two or three days before he could undertake the contemplated expedition.

### CHAPTER III.

RED TOMAHAWK.

"In the first place," Buffalo Bill went on to explain to Mrs. Jernyngham, "I am here now, as I mentioned in my written communication to you, simply on a short furlough from other official duties.

"Then I am bound, by previous engagement, to get the Indian scout, Red Tomahawk, out of the Bad Lands, as a start to his assisting me in the other expedition. My scouts, Buckskin Jack and Yankton Charley, are at this moment actively engaged in organizing a force sufficiently strong for that purpose. General Miles has already given his consent.

"We start early to-morrow forenoon, and, if all goes well, should be back to the agency here on the following day.

"Then Red Tomahawk will want some little time to recuperate, besides taking care of the young woman whom he, on his part, has already succeeded in carrying off from the hostile camp, so that it will be the day after that—which will be Thursday—at the very earliest that I can set out upon this smaller, but I fear much more desperate, mission for the relief of Miss Delmar."

Mrs. Jernyngham had looked up with sudden curiosity.

"You deem the co-operation of this Indian, Red Tomahawk, then," she inquired, "as indispensable to the success of our undertaking, as I suppose I can call it?"

"Yes, ma'am, or nearly so," replied the scout, reflectively. "His general knowledge of the Bad Lands is unsurpassed, and he will now have additional information, fresh and hot from the hostile region, which will doubtless be of invaluable service to me."

"This young woman whom he is bringing to the agency! I have heard something of her romantic history from her grandfather, Mr. Blakemore, who is waiting to receive her here. She has been among the Indians from her infancy, I understood?"

"Yes; and she was, moreover, Sitting Bull's



adopted daughter. I doubt if she understands a word outside of her Sioux tongue; and, though Wah-kah-shee is a very beautiful young girl, I fear that it will be long before she will take as kindly to civilization as the old gentleman expects and hopes. He has also set his heart on her ultimately becoming the wife of Jackford, his ward, the young gentleman who accompanied Red Tomahawk on his mission and is still with him, besieged in the Bad Lands yonder. Poor Mr. Blakemore will doubtless be no less disappointed in this respect."

"Ah, yes; I have heard that Red Tomahawk is already in love with the girl."

"And she with him. Besides, Jackford himself has doubtless left a prior attachment somewhere behind him in the East, while, even if it were otherwise, Red Tomahawk, apart from his being an excellent young brave, and fairly educated at the mission schools, is hardly the man to yield his claims on the young woman's heart at the demands of civilization, or anything else."

"Well, if the girl is, to all intents and purposes, an Indian herself," observed Mrs. Jernyngham, "of course there could be no great impropriety in such a union, if other interests could be made equal, though I cannot but pity Mr. Blakemore for the disappointment so probably in store for him. But now to our own business, Mr. Cody. You will doubtless encounter no little danger in effecting this escaping party's rescue. Is it not so?" and she looked at him anxiously.

"We shall succeed in that undertaking," he answered, briefly.

"Oh, thank you for speaking so confidently. Then Tom—I mean Mr. Travers—will be enabled to accompany you on Thursday, when you start out with your three scouts for the rescue of my niece. He will be here with me by Wednesday. I have had word from him to-day to this effect."

"Is he the young gentleman that Miss Delmar is engaged to, ma'am?"

"Yes."

"Then we'll see about his accompanying me!"

"But, bless me! young Travers loves Blanche to distraction, and he will insist on it."

"Still, he mightn't be altogether fit for this sort of work, you know," said Buffalo Bill, dryly.

"Fit? Why, Mr. Travers has hunted lions in South Africa, and fought Arabs in the Soudan! You don't know him. There's no braver young Englishman under the sun."

"Arabs are not Sioux Indians on the warpath, ma'am, and the Soudan somewhat differs from Bad Lands in midwinter. However, we shall see."

After some further words, chiefly of a reassuring nature, the scout took his leave.

Fifty picked men, white and red, rode out of Pine Ridge on the following morning, with Buffalo Bill, Buckskin Jack and Yankton Charley at their head.

Among the hundreds who witnessed their departure, with various feelings of solicitude and uneasiness as to the success of their undertaking, was Mrs. Jernyngham, who waved her handkerchief to the great scout, he responding with a last smile of reassurance and a military salute, which was also meant for General Miles, who was at the lady's side.

"Oh, general!" exclaimed the latter, impulsively, "do you really think they will succeed?"

The great Indian-fighting general pulled his grizzled mustache to hide a slight smile, and replied:

"I can only hope so, because Buffalo Bill is at the head of that rescuing band. In the meantime, pray be of good heart." And she smilingly permitted him to conduct her back to her quarters; for, in addition to the intense cold, a severe sandstorm was beginning to blow down from the northwest.

Buffalo Bill and his two lieutenants were riding somewhat in advance of their band, which was following under the immediate command of the scout Louis Rameau, when all were suddenly enveloped in the whirl and fury of the sandstorm referred to. It was, in fact, a sand and snowstorm combined, and, though of brief duration, was very violent while it lasted.



This was about two miles out of the agency, and as the air cleared an unexpected sight presented itself.

Two troops of cavalry, exhausted and decimated from the battle of Wounded Knee, were seen coming back toward the Ridge, their wagon train following about a mile behind, though somewhat away to the north.

"Ha!" the exclamation was Buffalo Bill's, as he pointed to a large band of Indians that was sweeping down upon the wagons from the northwest. "Two-Strike's band, with Two-Strike himself at their head, by Jupiter!"

"True ez you're born!" echoed Yankton Charley, standing up in his stirrups for a better view over the distant wagon tops. "I know him by ther double line of eagle feathers down the back of his head. By Jingo! he must hev heard of Wounded Knee, an' this is his fust swoop out of his Bad Lands fer revenge."

"He'll hev it, too, 'r I'm a coyote!" cried Buckskin Jack. "Thet intervenin' ridge hides him from ther soldiers, an' he's already nearer ter thar wagons than we are. He'll scoop 'em in, sure!"

"Only to have them torn back out of his clutch, then!" said Buffalo Bill; and then, coming to a momentary pause, in order to more thoroughly take in the situation and gauge his distances, the sharp, decisive words of command flew out of his mouth, like shot out of a gun: "Quick, Buckskin, over yonder with you to apprise the troops! Yankton, hurry up our main body to support me!"

Buckskin was off to execute his order as soon as he could wheel his horse, but Yankton could not but linger, open-mouthed, for an instant.

"Hold on!" cried Yankton. "Good Lord! ye won't tackle all them Indians alone?"

"Bring up our band after me!" reiterated the master scout, in a voice of thunder. "Do you hear?"

He only waited long enough to see the scout dash back at last toward the rescuing party, which was less than a quarter of a mile behind; and then, wheeling his own horse, was off like a meteor in the direction of the apparently doomed wagon train.

"Can Two-Strike have forgotten his word to me?" muttered the scout between his teeth, as he dashed away. "Yes!" with another glance beyond the wagons; "there is no mistaking that lofty figure, that dancing eagle crest. Two-Strike himself, with at least a hundred of his individual tribe—the flower of the hostile Sioux. Ha!" with a disappointed clinching of the teeth, and a fresh spur for his flying steed.

He was yet half-a-mile away from the train when the Indians were seen to sweep down upon it like a hurricane.

There were a few scattering shots, probably telling of the death of such of the teamsters as had offered resistance, and then a dip in the broken ground momentarily shut out everything from view.

When Buffalo Bill surmounted the corresponding rise of ground the train was already in the hands of the savages.

With rare good judgment, they had not stopped to loot the wagons, but had wheeled the teams, and were already making off with them for the Bad Lands as fast as they could lash the exhausted animals into action.

Buffalo Bill had halted his brown steed on the crest, and now smiled to perceive that his presence had not as yet been noticed by the now fugitive savages.

"It is my turn now," he muttered. "Two-Strike, you will find that you do not break your word with me, without paying the cost!"

A moment later, his entire band of fifty came galloping up to his side.

They were but half the number of the hostiles, but what of that?

In ten minutes he had them marshaled down in the next dip of ground, out of sight of the Indians, in two squadrons, one under Yankton Charley's leadership, the other headed by Louis Rameau, himself in general command.

Thence he was enabled, by the nature of the ground, to lead them leisurely to an eminence about a mile beyond, where the marauding Indians were at their very feet.



The savages looked up with a startled yell, but it was too late.

The scouts, with the prince of plainsmen at their head, were already thundering down upon them, firing as they came; while at the same time one of the cavalry troops, brought back at Buckskin Jack Russell's summons, appeared on another ridge-crest a little to the south, thus placing them between two fires.

In the ten minutes that ensued soldiers, rescuers and hostiles were mingled indiscriminately in a hot carbine, Winchester and revolver fight.

Then the wagons were recovered, and the Indians were in panic-stricken flight for the Bad Lands, leaving nearly a score of their number dead on the ground, and without any serious loss to the victors whatever.

While the brief fight was raging, Buffalo Bill had just emptied a couple of saddles with his unerring Winchester and was careering with several others of his band, in hot pursuit of a small squad of fugitives, when a strong voice called out to him, in Sioux, from among some neighboring rocks:

"What, Big White Chief Bill! is it thus that you would treat your old-time friend and fellow-hunter, Two-Strike, of the Brules?"

The master scout reined up, in some astonishment, to perceive Two-Strike himself, magnificently mounted, and standing out against the sky as if carved out of bronze, horse and rider, on the very summit of the rocks.

"Traitorous chief!" he indignantly thundered, in response, "why have you broken your word to me?"

"Bah!" cried the great chief of the hostiles, "all words break in time of war."

"You'll find to your cost, Two-Strike, that my secret power over you still holds strong and good."

"And when and where, Big White Chief Bill, will you seek me to prove it?"

"In the heart of the Bad Lands, and within less than a week!" roared out Cody.

And then he was spurring up the steep, when, with

a majestic wave of the hand, the red warrior urged his steed out of sight on the opposite side, and was seen no more.

Buffalo Bill regretted the imprudence of his last words when it was too late to recall them; and it had been noticed with surprise by several hearers that neither he nor Two-Strike had sought to exchange a shot while it lasted.

What was the secret power which the master scout was generally credited with holding over the great chief of the hostiles, and which he himself had at last proclaimed?

The recapture of the wagons having been secured, Cody and his band of rescuers pushed on their way into the Bad Lands.

The thrilling story of the speedy and bloody success of their mission, and of their triumphant return to Pine Ridge with Red Tomahawk and his party, belongs not to this narrative.

On the next day following the rescue Buffalo Bill had his next interview with Mrs. Jernyngham.

The lady received him with her accustomed graciousness. On a sofa reclined a strapping big, handsome and fair-haired young Englishman, wounded in a night skirmish with the hostiles of the preceding day, who was introduced as the Mr. Tom Travers, Miss Delmar's affianced lover, already referred to.

"Oh, Mr. Cody! to think of how strangely things turn out. Here you are, safe and sound, and doubtless in readiness for your desperate expedition for the rescue of my niece; and yet, here is Mr. Travers, too, though incapacitated from accompanying you."

Buffalo Bill had by this time ascertained that Mr. Travers' wound was in the foot, and more painful than serious.

"We'll have to get along without the gentleman's services as best we can," he politely replied, though decidedly satisfied with the situation. "How are you finding yourself now, sir?"

"Ho, fairly enough, you know," responded Mr. Travers, who had already described the manner of his receiving the shot.



Cody was quite certain that no delay was possible; and even Mrs. Jernyngham was compelled to agree with him, notwithstanding what she thought the expedition was missing through lack of Mr. Travers' co-operation.

"We must do our best without him, ma'am," repeated the great scout. And he then took his leave, after promising to introduce his fellow scouts early on the following morning, just prior to setting out upon their hazardous undertaking.

It was at the close of a cold, lowering day as he stepped forth from the trader's house, and the vast camp, fort and town combined, that went to make up Pine Ridge at this critical period, was in bustling commotion, with the campfires already beginning to glitter among the hundreds of Indian tepees on the encircling hills.

#### CHAPTER IV.

##### AMONG THE TEPEES.

Awaiting him at a rendezvous agreed on—a comfortable cabin well back on the wild hillside to the north of the agency—Buffalo Bill found the four men who were to accompany him into the Bad Lands on the morrow.

Of these, Yankton Charley and his subordinate scout, Louis Rameau, were preparing supper over a roaring fire, which diffused a comfortable warmth throughout the rude but substantial interior, while Buckskin Jack and the daring Indian, Red Tomahawk, were cleaning up their weapons in a corner.

All had been conversing in low tones, but the conversation ceased and all looked up expectantly as their famous leader entered the cabin.

"It's all right, boys," said the latter, cheerfully. "The tenderfoot is not to accompany us."

There was a general expression of relief.

"Ugh!" exclaimed Red Tomahawk, who retained many of his Indian idiosyncrasies in spite of his blue uniform and his long training on terms of perfect equality among the soldiers and the white scouts

here, there, and almost everywhere through the wild Northwest; "glad of it!"

"Still," observed Cody, "this Mr. Travers might have been of real use to us, with some experience in Indian fighting, such as your Mr. Jackford had, Tom. He's a big, brave Englishman, with lots of sand in him. I'd bet on it."

"Still, he'd only be in the way," observed Buckskin, satisfiedly. "We're enough as it is, in my opinion."

"Mine, too!" grunted Yankton, stirring up the camp kettle, while Rameau silently nodded. "Tenderfoot's no good."

Red Tomahawk rose, and, doubtless being pretty hungry, peeped into the smoking kettle, with a side-long glance at the coffee pot.

He was a superb specimen of the red man, six feet three in his moccasins, with a flashing eye and much nobility of manner.

"My young man, Mr. Jackford," he said, simply, "was no tenderfoot. He had fought Indians before, and was afraid of nothing. How I wish supper was ready!"

"Now!" exclaimed Yankton, hoisting off the pot, while Louis Rameau produced the tin plates, tin cups, knives and forks. "An' this hyar orter be good, 'r I don't know how to cook."

While the meal was in progress, Buffalo Bill, after assuring himself that all preparations were complete for the morrow's start, observed:

"Look here, men! it has struck me that we might put in a good two or three hours this evening, in the way of obtaining more definite information than we now possess concerning the lay of the land before us. I mean more particularly, of course, concerning the exact location of Miss Delmar's place of captivity, the best means of reaching her through the hostile camp, and so on."

"What air your orders, chief?" inquired Buckskin.

"I propose that we each visit such of the tepees scattered roundabouts as we are best acquainted with, and among which such of the Big Knife squaws



and old men as did not accompany him into the Bad Lands are scattered about among the friendly tribes. You know how swiftly information from Big Knife himself would be likely to reach them. Well, we will meet here again, say, at ten o'clock with such reports as we have been able to gather. What do you all say?"

There was a general and hearty approval.

"Good thing, Big Chief Bill!" exclaimed Red Tomahawk, on his part. "I know Big Knife's old uncle, Little Dog, among the Sioux tepees on the south. I'll see what I can make out of him." And, seizing his rifle, after wrapping himself up warmly, he forthwith strode out into the wintry night.

"I'll try the Cheyenne lodges to the southwest," said Yankton Charley. "I bet some of Big Knife's relatives who know me can be found thar. Louis Rameau, you come along. You can try some er ther tepees further back in the big ravine. You'll be sure to pick up suthin'."

"Right, Yankton," responded Louis, in his accustomed quiet way. "Nothing like trying, anyway."

After these two had likewise taken their departure, Buckskin Jack looked at Buffalo Bill, who was leisurely making himself ready to follow their example, and said, in a rather disconsolate tone:

"Look hyar, chief, if we wuz only down Rushville-ways, in old Nebraska, I'd be all right in a racket like this hyar. But what do I know 'bout the tepees of the diff'rent friendlies an' half-friendlies roundabout ther Ridge hyar? No more, 'r not much more'n a cat in a strange garret. See? So, I reckon I'm out n this hyar deal."

"No, you're not, Buckskin," replied Cody, in his blunt, decided way. "Come with me?"

"Good 'nough!" and Buckskin sprang to his feet with surprising alacrity, reaching for his rifle and winter traps. "Whar ye goin', Bill?"

"Up among the tepees directly back of this hill. I know that Big Knife's mother and lame sister are making pot luck somewhere among 'em since he lit out for the Bad Lands so suddenly, with the best part of his band. Come along!"

After quitting the cabin, and securing the door in a rough fashion, they struck straight up the rough hillside, guided by the ragged fringe of tepee-fires on the crest, and with the hundreds of lights from the great military camp-town in the valley behind them.

The night was not very dark, however, though without moon or stars—one of those wintry nights, with a weird sort of sky-brightness of its own.

Besides, the hillside was not steep, save in places, though rough with rock-juttings, and honey combed with shallow pockets and caves.

However, when not more than half-way up, Buckskin suddenly stopped, and ungloving his hand, stretched it out before him, with a muttered oath.

"What's the matter?" demanded his companion, sharply.

"Snow!" with another oath. "Can't ye feel it spittin' inter yer face?"

"Yes; and so much the better. Come on!"

"By Jingo! I didn't think o' thet. So it is, perhaps." And the ascent was resumed.

By the time the summit was reached, the air was thick with the swarming flakes; slowly whitening the figures of the Indians, smoking their pipes or making their miserable evening-meal around the open-air tepee campfires, that were irregularly scattered here and there.

The great scout was known almost everywhere among the tepees, both personally and by reputation, and with the profoundest favor and respect. Still, there were exceptions.

Under his lead, they passed among the fires, exchanging friendly nods and "how's" with braves and squaws alike.

Crossing a dark strip of ground beyond, they made a slight descent, and then entered a wide ravine, skirted on each side by a long line of tepees and fires.

"These friendlies in here ought to be particularly well contented just now," said Cody, in a low voice. "They received their beef rations but two days ago. Look at the meat-pots on the fires; and yonder's a



buck trying to sing a song, and without being drunk, at that."

Approaching a large fire, around which a large group of Indians of both sexes—though, barring the warpaint, which, of course, the friendlies did not affect, the squaws could only be distinguished by their leggings, few of the men wearing those—Buffalo Bill at once shook hands with an old and dignified-looking chief; and, after introducing his friend, he said in Sioux:

"Red Cloud, you and your people up here are looking well and kindly."

"Buffalo Bill, we always look and feel so when we can keep warm and have plenty to eat. Here!"

The old chief passed the pipe he was smoking, which was returned to him after each of the visitors had taken a whiff at it.

"I find you up here among your people's tepees, Red Cloud, and not in your own comfortable cabin down under the hill. How is that?"

"One must share one's people's common lot sometimes, Buffalo Bill. I wish they could all have comfortable houses like that of mine under the hill, but they can't."

"Still, you are old, my friend; and see, the snow whirls, the wind bites."

"I am old, and my bones often ache, friend, but, as for the snow and wind, bah!" with a shrug of the blanketed shoulders. "I am still an Indian. That will do for squaws," contemptuously indicating the large adjoining tepee, brightly lighted within, and from which issued numerous squaw-like voices at intervals, "the open campfire, in all weathers, is for the Indian brave, when he is strong and free."

"You say you are still an Indian; ay, and a brave and true one, too, Red Cloud—even like the mountain oak, rugged and powerful in its old age, which may fall at last out of sheer weariness of living, but which the storm-winds of heaven may strive in vain to bend or uproot—the glory of the earthly wilderness, the splendor of the Great Spirit's happy hunting-grounds beyond the skies!"

The old chief gravely inclined his head in acknowledgment of the compliment, and which he doubtless considered as nothing more than his due.

"Red Cloud," continued Buffalo Bill, "my friend and I would have some talk with Choc-taw-reesh, the mother, and Malk-wah-kee, the little lame sister, of Big Knife, the renegade Ogallala chief. Where shall we be most likely to find them?"

Red Cloud spoke in a low voice to a young squaw at his side, and he indicated a tepee at the farther end of the ravine as the place where the squaws in question were most likely to be found.

Buffalo Bill thanked him for his information, and was then about to withdraw, with his companion, when a strangely impressive incident occurred.

Suddenly a squaw's voice from the adjoining lodge rose in a wild, shrill, yet not discordant chant, or song, that swept out upon the wintry night in a sort of fury of mingled defiance and despair.

It was a battle-song, a call to arms, and the old chief sprang to his feet, throwing back his blanket, his grasp upon his rifle, his whole figure dilating, his face menacing and exultant.

At the same instant, his younger braves (those who were always so urgent for war among the friendlies) came thronging around him from every quarter of the camp, with brandished weapons and whoops, while there was the glimpse of a wild figure at the door of the tepee.

It was that of the singer—a squaw, her loosened hair flying about her dark, contorted, flame-lit face, a bared scalping-knife in each lifted hand.

But ere this Buffalo Bill's iron grip had closed on his companion's shoulder, dragging him silently out of the howling crowd and out of sight down into the ravine.

"It is the old chief's favorite wife—a she devil!" he hoarsely whispered, in response to Buckskin's inquiring stare. "Curse her! If old Red Cloud ever breaks faith with the agency to join the hostiles, it will be through her influence, even more than that of dare-devil Jack Red Cloud, his son. But let us



hasten. This incident is fortunate for us in at least one respect. It clears out the lower ravine of the more dangerous young bucks."

This proved to be true, for they made their way to the lower end, through the lines of fires and tepees, apparently without attracting any observation whatever.

Entering at last the tepee that had been indicated to them, they found old Choc-taw-reesh there, together with two other squaws, but Malk-wah-kee was not with them.

The latter, as her mother gruntingly explained, in response to some inquiries on the part of the great scout, was visiting a smaller tepee yet farther down the ravine, in fact, the very last one in the camp.

The daughter, Malk-wah-kee was by far the more important of the two, being somewhat of a medicine woman, and therefore the more likely to be in constant secret communication with her brother.

Accordingly, Buffalo Bill left his brother scout to extract what information was to be obtained from Choc-taw-reesh, if any at all, while he should go in search of the daughter.

"I'll do what I kin 'ith fascinatin' ther old gal, Bill," said Buckskin Jack, gallantly advancing and offering Choc-taw-reesh a handful of tobacco crumbs by way of breaking the ice of conversation, "but she looks ez if she'd like ter stick a knife inter me ribs at any minute. Howsomever, anything ter obleege a friend." And he promptly squatted cross-legged before the antiquated beauty's feet.

Buffalo Bill smiled, for the mother of the handsome Big Knife was assuredly as hideous as original sin herself; but no time was to be lost, so he hurried out of the lodge.

The snow had stopped falling, and he had no difficulty in locating the small tepee to which he had been directed.

It was entirely isolated from the others, and, though a light glimmered from within, there was only the flickering embers of an attendant open-air campfire, a little to one side of it and up along the rocky wall of the ravine.

## CHAPTER V.

## A THRILLING ENCOUNTER.

As the scout was approaching the lonely tepee without any particular caution, he suddenly saw something which caused him to crouch behind a friendly rock, gripping his Winchester with a tighter clutch, and with every faculty on the alert.

Two or three figures, or the shadowy outlines of such, had flitted mysteriously along the upper rocks beyond the fading campfire and the side of the tepee, and had then as mysteriously disappeared.

What could it mean?

None of Red Cloud's own camp would require to exercise such secrecy of movement; while Brules were known to be constantly haunting the friendly camps for the purpose of spreading disaffection among them.

Buffalo Bill crept up stealthily, from rock to rock, from cranny to cranny, to the spot at which his keen eye had detected the flitting figures.

If Brule, or hostile spies they should prove to be, it was of vital importance that they should be disposed of forthwith, and—in the present excited condition of the old chief and his younger braves—if possible, without disturbing the camp.

He accordingly shifted his rifle to his left hand, and drew his hunting-knife with his right.

He had hardly done so when three Brule braves, in full warpaint, suddenly rose, as if from the very ground, and silently precipitated themselves upon him, with uplifted gun, knife and tomahawk, respectively.

But, sudden and preconcerted as was the attack, Buffalo Bill, the prince of plainsmen, was not unprepared for it.

Stepping among them with the rapidity of a lightning-bolt, a side swipe of his rifle barrel knocked the tomahawk-wielder senseless, the hatchet falling from the nerveless redskin's grasp convenient to his own hand, which thereupon dropped the gun like a flash to substitute it for the better weapon at close-quarter fighting.



Driving his knife to the hilt into another foeman's heart, and then, diving forward with the force of a catapult, he staggered the third with a tremendous butting blow, delivered full in the throat, easily tomahawking him dead at a single left-handed blow before he could recover.

However, the hatchet remained sticking in the fallen Brule's skull, so deeply was it buried therein.

The next instant, however, the first brave whom he had floored—a gigantic warrior, bared now to the waist—having recovered his senses, was upon him like a hurricane, weaponless, but with outstretched arms as formidable as those of a grizzly bear on the warpath.

But in an instant the scout had closed with him, clutching his throat with a murderous left-handed grip; and away they went tumbling down the slope in a death-lock.

They landed squarely in the dying campfire, the hostile undermost, his bare back toasting and sizzling on the live coals, Bill on top, his knife-hand free at last.

The Indian might well have yelled, but for the steely grip on his throat, for he was smoking and roasting like a pig on the spit, but a single blow of the knife put an end to his sufferings.

All this on the snow-sheeted ground, and by the weird reflection from the campfires farther up the ravine.

The scout staggered to his feet, and recovered his rifle, scarcely able for the moment to realize the good fortune that had attended him in this unequal hand-to-hand fight.

Then, momentarily weak and dizzy, he plunged headlong down the side of the ravine and through the side of the tepee.

A young squaw, nursing an older one, who was sick, was beside her charge, the sole occupant of the lodge.

Both were too frightened to scream, and in an instant Buffalo Bill was on his feet, with such explanations as quieted the alarm of at least the younger,

who was none other than Malk-wah-kee herself with whom he was well and favorably acquainted while, as for the invalid squaw, she was apparently too far gone to yell out if she had wanted to.

"You might have entered the tepee by the door, White Chief Bill, and have been more welcome," said Malk-wah-kee, gravely. She was a very pretty young Indian woman, of not more than eighteen, whose lameness was slight. "However, if you tumbled down the rocks by accident, of course you are not to blame." Bill had said nothing about his terrific fight outside in his explanations. "But," with a rueful look at the rent in the side of the tepee, "this poor woman's habitation is ruined. I am afraid she will freeze to death."

The scout had exchanged pleasant glances and words with "the little lame medicine woman" before now, and he was somewhat surprised. Her language was in keeping with her neat and modest appearance. As for her medicine-woman reputation—in such odd contrast with her youthfulness—she might have acquired it from some smattering of the art derived from the mission schools, supported by a subsequent fortunate cure or two among her own people, but for this he cared nothing.

"It is pretty tough on the poor creature," he admitted, with a glance from the hole in the buffalo-sewn wall to the motionless woman on the couch of skins, who was eying him listlessly; "but ain't she pretty well done for already?"

"No; she will recover, if I can get her to the agency hospital to-morrow, as I had intended."

"Where's her husband?"

"Off to the hostiles with my brother. 'Isn't it the way with all of 'em? She is one of my own people."

This was said in English, and pretty good English at that.

"Hold on!" said Bill, "I'll fix up the tent in short order." And he forthwith stooped down and began to mend the rent with surprising swiftness.



Malk-wah-kee, while occasionally ministering to her patient, watched him interestedly.

"There's blood on your knife-sheath, White Chief Bill!" she suddenly exclaimed. "It's edges drip with it." The scout had forgotten to wipe off the blade before returning it to its sheath. "What does that mean?"

"Oh! didn't you hear the scream of the panther I was knifing up yonder in the rocks just before my tumble into this place?"

"No."

"Well, neither did I," said the scout, though he was careful to say it to himself. Then he confronted her seriously, saying: "You haven't asked me why I am here, Malk-wah-kee?"

"Then you were on your way to see me when you stumbled down the rocks, White Chief Bill?"

"Yes."

"Why are you here, White Chief Bill?"

"Can't you guess?"

"Perhaps so; but tell me."

"Malk-wah-kee, I'm here, as you must have guessed, about the young lady your brother, Big Knife, carried off."

"Well?"

"She was carried off?" he asked, eagerly.

"You are to rescue her, White Chief Bill?"

"Yes," a little reluctantly, though at last he decided to trust her implicitly.

"When do you start?"

"To-morrow."

"Well, yes, then, Miss Blanche was carried off, and very much against her will."

"Why have your brother's people here sought to give a contrary impression?"

"They are ignorant and vain, while the young lady is so high up, so beautiful and rich. Miss Blanche was kind to me—kinder than all the other lady teachers. I love her, and I am grateful."

"You are, perhaps, in constant communication with Big Knife?"

"Yes."

"Malk-wah-kee, I want you to tell me all you know about Miss Delmar's place of captivity, and the best way for me to seek her."

"My brother would kill me."

"He shall know nothing; I will take care of that."

"What do you already know from Yankton Charley?"

Surprised, Buffalo Bill told her the extent of the information he had received.

"You need know no more at present," observed the strange little squaw, quietly. "Should you succeed in piercing Two-Strike's lines—in reaching the top of the guarded plain—you will soon know more, and perhaps unexpectedly."

"I cannot say more now. Good-by, White Chief Bill."

She was speaking in Sioux again, and in her low voice, that had so much meekness and music in it.

Moreover, she rose from her seat by the sick squaw's pallet, in a firmly dismissive way that was conclusive.

Thanking her, he turned to go, and then, thoughtfully, turned back again, holding out his hand, in which she timidly placed her own, casting down her eyes.

"Malk-wah-kee," he said, gently, for there was a pity in his great heart for this poor young thing—perhaps a trampled savage flower, but with truth and hope blindly groping to lift up its darkened life among those of its nobler sisterhood—"Malk-wah-kee, when shall I see you again, if I come out of this peril successfully?"

"Perhaps when you least expect it."

"I don't mean that," not understanding, and a little impatiently. "I mean, you know," awkwardly, "that I would like to do something for you—to advance you in the world, should such be your aspiration, as I suspect."

"Yes, Great Chief Bill."

"What do you most wish in the world, for instance?"



"What do I most wish in all the world?" she repeated slowly.

"Yes."

"Well, Great Chief Bill, apart from one wish that you will never know, I think I should best like—wait! Have you not among you, in the great world, medicine women, no less than medicine men?—healers, I mean, who study, and are truly wise, and can do great good among the broken and the suffering?"

"Oh, it's doctresses, you mean—woman doctors?" cried Bill.

"Yes, I think so."

"And that's what you'd like to be?"

"Yes."

"Then, by Jupiter! that you shall have the chance of becoming, if ever I have the opportunity of giving it to you. Cheer up, my girl! Who knows but that you may one day become noted as the great squaw-doctor—and no quack humbug about it, either—and have your shingle hanging out in Sioux City, or Spokane, or somewhere else?"

And, with a hearty shake of the hand, he hurried out into the night, without a present thought for his three dead men up there on the snowy rocks, almost at his shoulder, and muttering to himself:

"The oddest, queerest little squaw I ever knew!"

How much, for life or death, can be compressed in brief.

Not more than half an hour had elapsed between Buffalo Bill's leaving his fellow adventurer, Buckskin Jack Russell, in the larger tepee, at old Choc-taw-reesh's, and his return thence.

Buckskin jumped to his feet, and hurriedly rejoined his commander, with a most disgusted look on his face, and something other than his Winchester rifle bundled under his left arm.

"How did you get along with the old witch?" Cody inquired, as they passed up through the ravine.

"Drop on it!" was the growled and profane answer. "The old she-devil actually did try to stick a knife inter me on the sly, and more than once."

"Any information?"

"Not a rap."

"What's that bundle under your arm?"

"A brand new squaw's dress complete, in deerskin an' of a sartin size. I bought it of one of ther squaws fer a package o' beads I happened to have with me."

"A squaw's costume! What for?"

Buckskin had by this time recovered his good humor.

"Ever see Louis Rameau do the squaw act in a French-an'-half-breed dance, up on ther Red River of the North?" he asked.

"No."

"Wall, he kin do it to a charm; an' I thort thet, 'ith this hyar costume along 'ith us in ther Bad Lands, it mought come in sorter handy ez a disguise, 'r suthin' er ther sort."

"Good idea!" said the scout, quickly. "Let us hurry up now, if we are to get back to the cabin by ten, according to appointment."

He had already told his companion of his adventure with the trio of Brule spies.

On reaching the head of the ravine, old Red Cloud was found to be still smoking peacefully by the great fire, with a few companions, mostly old men.

The adjoining tepee was silent, the squaws' wild battle-song was long since hushed, the clamoring bucks were housed away in the various lodges, and all was once more at peace.

"Great Chief Red Cloud!" said Buffalo Bill, laying his hand impressively on the old warrior's shoulder; "there is trouble and treachery in your camp."

"It cannot be, for I am here," was the disdainful answer.

"It is the truth," repeated Bill, impressively. "Three of Two-Strike's spies were here in the ravine, at all events. With what object you can guess—to hiss treason into your young men's minds, and whisper them away to danger and destruction in the Bad Lands! I myself saw them skulking at the lower end of the ravine."



"What!" roared the old chief, springing up in a fury of outraged authority; "have they dared?"

Then Buffalo Bill and his companion hurried away, and, as they made their way up out of the ravine, they heard the entire straggling encampment around them in a tumult.

"They'll know that you did 'em up, Bill," suggested Buckskin Jack. "They'll know that no man but you could hev did sech a job." ?

"Let them know or suppose what they choose," replied the master scout, coolly, "so long as Red Cloud and his people are saved to the agency. Come along!"

Arrived at the rendezvous, they found their three pards equally prompt to the appointed hour, and awaiting them there.

Red Tomahawk, on his part, had succeeded in obtaining little additional information from Little Dog, Big Knife's old uncle, among the tepees, but had, nevertheless, succeeded in bringing back with him a complete ghost-dancing costume, which he thought might possibly prove of service in the forthcoming expedition.

"May come in handy, along with Buckskin's squaw dress," commented Buffalo Bill, approvingly. "Yankton, have you and Louis done anything among the Cheyenne tepees?"

Yes, they had found a Cheyenne hostile, just in from the Bad Lands on the sly, and so boastfully drunk that they had extracted much from him that was new and might prove useful concerning Two-Strike's great fortified village on the elevated plateau.

"We're all right, it appears to me," said the scout, in separating from his companions for the night. "Try to be looking your dandiest, all of you, by early breakfast to-morrow. For, just before we start, I've promised to introduce you to Mrs. Jernyngham and Mr. Travers."

"Great lady, much money!" commented Louis Rameau, in his odd way. "Mebbe much money in belt-pouch, if we succeed."

"Perhaps so, Louis; but let us first succeed." rejoined Buffalo Bill, dryly. "Good-night, boys, and good rest! They may be the last comfortable ones we'll have for days to come."

## CHAPTER VI.

### THE RESCUE.

Perhaps the scout, among Buffalo Bill's four picked and veteran followers, who made the profoundest impression upon Mrs. Jernyngham and her young English guest, was Red Tomahawk.

Buckskin Jack Russell, with his rugged characteristics of the true frontiersman, could have had no occasion for fear as to his personality.

Yankton Charley's unabashed democratic self-respect, from bronzed face to jingling spurs, was worthy of all praise.

The dark, Indian complexion of Louis Rameau, in his half-Indian costume, and notwithstanding the glare which he at once fastened upon the lady's diamond brooch and ear-rings, made her mentally pronounce him quite romantic.

But for the towering Ogallala Indian, Red Tomahawk, or Nature's nobleman in all his unconscious majesty, there was a tacit granting of the possession of superiority from the start.

Then she gracefully presented each scout, their commander included, with a suggestive two-quart flask, neatly wrapped up against suspicion, bade them godspeed individually, while throwing out sufficiently broad hints as to how generously grateful she might prove in the event of Miss Delmar being restored uninjured to her anxious arms, and the interview was at an end.

It was eight o'clock in the morning when the five men rode out of Pine Ridge for the Bad Lands, attended by a single pack-mule bearing their provisions and slender camping outfit, together with some extras.

Armed to the teeth, serviceably mounted, veterans in scouting, Indian fighting, and far West adventure in general, a better equipped expedition of its size



had, doubtless, seldom set out on a more desperate quest.

Though the threshold of their chiefest peril—the eastern border of the ill-omened Bad Lands of the early French explorers—was but twenty odd miles away, the intervening country was daily being traversed by Indian bands, hostiles, friendlies or doubtfuls, as the case might be. The military troopers or scouts were also roving hither and thither.

War, and rumors of war, were constantly in the air. Skirmishes and isolated tragedies were constantly occurring.

Indeed, Buffalo Bill had quietly declared at the outset that it was doubtful if they should cross the interval at the end of a day's journey without serious interruption, or more or less fighting, and the event proved his judgment correct.

The weather had moderated greatly, being cloudy and clear by turns, and the going was fairly good, considering the nature of the country.

In fact, while crossing a small tributary of the White river, when scarcely five miles out of Pine Ridge, Louis Rameau, who chanced to be riding ahead, signaled the alarm, and then came galloping furiously back from a slight eminence he had reached.

The party, at their leader's command, had no sooner formed a compact and wedge-like front among some rocks, when a single horseman of extraordinary aspect came charging almost directly toward them from another slight rise of ground a little more to the northward.

The horse was a dappled Indian pony, lathered with foam, wild with terror, and without guidance.

The horseman, a tall, gaunt Indian, in full paint and feathers, sat bolt upright on the speeding animal's back, stiff as a man of bronze, apparently weaponless, his arms hanging rigidly at his sides, his eyes fixed and staring straight ahead.

"Stop! don't waste a bullet, Yank," commanded the scout. "That man is dead already—perhaps has been so for several minutes."

This was the truth.

As the mad steed whirled past, its lifeless rider suddenly collapsed, falling prone on his face at their very feet, revealing the deep, but bloodless, death-shot directly between the shoulder blades.

"Was that all?" laconically demanded Buffalo Bill, turning to Rameau.

"No; more to come. Wait! we're all right," was the response.

And then, almost immediately, from the same direction, distant shots, and the nearer clatter, swiftly deepening into a thunder of hurrying hoofs.

"Hyar they come!" yelled Buckskin, as a mob of fugitive hostiles came breaking over the ridge.

"Hold fast as we're pointing, and we'll easily split 'em apart," coolly ordered the leader. "But don't shoot unless compelled. It isn't any funeral of ours, if they let us alone."

They were coming down like mad, twelve or fifteen runaway Indians, brandishing their guns, and giving utterance to their panic-stricken yells.

But not a shot was attempted, and the wedge-like front of the adventurers, securely posted almost in the center of the trail, split their ragged column apart, and in a minute the fugitives had disappeared on either side.

Then came the conquerors and pursuers—well-mounted Indian scouts in army blue—and their commander, a young officer, with his saber flashing, waved his hand to Buffalo Bill, as they swept past like the wind, and with a victorious shout.

"Lieutenant Casey and his splendid scouts," commented Bill. "Things are getting rather hot hereabouts, but we might as well get on the move."

It was the gallant and noble young Casey who was so treacherously murdered by a Brule brave a little more than a week later on, and whose death caused as profound and regretful a sensation throughout the country as had that of the ill-fated Captain Wallace at Wounded Knee.

The little band arrived at noon, without further incident, at the looted store of a young French half-



breed trader, where they stopped to console him a bit, and take their noonday bite.

Louis Rameau recognized the ruined young merchant as an old friend.

A raiding band of Brules and Arrapahoes had done the mischief at daybreak, and the appearance of a strong force of the Ninth Cavalry had alone caused them to make off without burning the building, and perhaps murdering its despoiled proprietor.

The party shared their cold meal with the young man—who had been just on the point of setting out for the agency when they arrived—and then resumed their march, the trail leading them more and more to the northward.

An hour later, a very large body of Indians, on their way southward, appeared on a distant ridge.

The scout, with his field-glass, satisfied himself that it was not a war party, but an entire tribe of friendlies on their way to Pine Ridge from the Northwest.

"It's Young-Man-Afraid-of-His-Horse and his following," he announced at last. "This will be good news at the agency, though I have never for a minute doubted the loyalty of Young-Man-Afraid. He's just as solid as his father, Old-Man-Afraid, was before him."

Red Tomahawk came galloping back, and he was accompanied by the chief himself, who shook hands with the great scout and his companions, though only able to give a rather dismal description of what he had seen.

Young-Man-Afraid was in ordinary times even a more powerful chief among the Sioux than Two-Strike himself, for he held his authority by right of inheritance, which the last named did not.

He was now on his way to the agency, with such of his tribe as remained to him, from a long sojourn up in the Crow country, far to the Northwest.

"Look at them, Big Chief Bill!" he exclaimed, indignantly, as his people went filing past, with dogs barking, tepee-poles trailing, an Indian village on the

move. "The men, and squaws, and babies that you see in the procession, do they look fat or lean?"

Bill had to confess that none of them looked especially overfed, at all events, which, indeed, was all too apparent.

"And how many young fighting men do you make out among them?" was the next query.

"About a hundred."

"There were three hundred when we started from the Crow country," said Young-Man-Afraid, moodily. "As we crossed the Northeastern strip of the Bad Lands, they fell away from me daily—by twos, threes, and the dozen. All my authority could not keep them back. These are all that are left me. Perhaps, before we reach the Ridge, these, too, will have melted away like spring snow in the sunshine, leaving me only my old men, the squaws, and the papooses. Where will they have gone, and where did the others go? To join Two-Strike in his fastness. Good-by, Big Chief Bill!"

The traveling had been growing steadily more difficult, the rises and falls in the vast rock-strewn, butte-broken and coulee-traversed plain, if such it could be called, more and more frequent.

Five miles further on Buckskin Jack, who had during this time been scouting in advance, came galloping back, waving his hand as a signal for a halt.

"What is it now?" coolly demanded Buffalo Bill, at whose command the party were already falling into a fairly good defensive position. "More hostiles on the stampede?"

"Not by a durned sight!" exclaimed Buckskin, springing from the saddle, and hurriedly leading his horse in among some clustering rocks, where position had been taken up, the animals being out of sight, while their dismounted riders were ranged along behind a natural wall of huge boulders commanding the trail in front. "It's ther Injun scouts—some of Captain Taylor's, I think—what's tryin' to



save their scalps this time, an' 'ith at least half a hundred o' Two-Strike's devils arter 'em, on the jump!"

He had hardly finished speaking before the fugitives—six in number, with one white or half-white scout, Joe Biddle, among them—came in view, thundering down the rocky trail.

"Hold on, Joe!" yelled the scout, springing on a boulder, and waving his gun; "here's safety for you, in here with us."

Luckily for the fugitive scouts, he was recognized and heeded in time.

They came to a tumultuous halt, and, speedily taking in the situation, lost no time in joining the others in among the rocks.

"Ye're good 'uns, whet there be of ye, Chief Bill," said Biddle, a tough, wiry little man, while leading his horse in under cover with the rest; "but thar's a slashin' big gang of 'em arter us. Howdy, Buckskin! Thet you, Louis? What, Yank and Red Tom, too, eh?"

Under Cody's directions, the scouts, carbines in readiness, were speedily in line behind the bowlders with the rest. But the foremost of the pursuers burst in view over the neighboring ridge in time to see the scouts disposing of their horses behind the rocks, and immediately set up a triumphant chorus of whoops, while making a brief pause there for their companions to join them.

"Good!" called out Cody. "Lie low, all of you, and wait for the word. They think they have only you and your carbines to deal with. Our Winchesters will be something of a surprise for 'em, if we can get them to crowd down into the defile here."

After collecting on the ridge, the hostiles—there were sixty of them—came galloping confidently down the slope, yelling and whooping, but paused at the head of the defile, whence they began pouring

bullets into the bowlders, over the tops of which or the military hats of the government scouts were permitted to be visible, but without effecting any more damage than the wounding of one of the freshly-crested animals in among the higher rocks behind.

"Not a shot in reply!" called out the scout's steady voice of command. "Wait for the word!"

"You bet!" responded Biddle, speaking for his companions no less than himself. "You're boss this hyer rock-trap, an' we're glad ter hav it so."

Then a chief, in all the bravery of warpaint and eagle feathers, came slowly walking his horse down the trail. He waved a white rag, which was attached to the end of his rifle.

"It's Crow Dog, one of Two-Strike's big men," observed Buffalo Bill, in a low voice. "Joe Biddle, you answer if he wants to talk; and remember, you can't lay it on too thick."

Here Crow Dog came to a halt, and called out, in pretty good English, a formal demand for the surrender of the six scouts. If this was complied with, they would, he said, be well treated as prisoners of war; otherwise their position should be carried and all hands put to death in short order.

"No!" roared back Biddle. "Come an' take up yer streaky picter! We've still two or three rounds left."

An expression of fiendish exultation had crossed Crow Dog's savage, painted face.

Only two or three rounds of ammunition left to the cornered fugitives!

Without another word, he wheeled his pony and galloped back to his companions, tearing the white rag from his gun as he did so, and shouting out, in Sioux:

"Come on! One big rush, and we have them at our mercy."



"Steady, there, all of you!" called out Cody for the last time, in a hoarse whisper. "They're coming."

The nature of the trail was such that the hostiles could conveniently charge down into the defile about four abreast.

But such was their bloodthirsty eagerness to gobble up the exhausted handful of foemen which they imagined to be alone making a last desperate stand against them, that they came galloping down the trail, pell-mell, jostling one another, firing as they came, and with savage laughter in their yells.

"Open out on 'em!" shouted Cody, at just the right moment, when they were within less than twenty yards of the natural fort. "Let 'em have it!"

As he uttered the command his own magazine gun opened the ball by toppling a brave out of the saddle at the first crack.

Then the entire eleven guns swept through the pass with terrific effect, the five Winchesters letting out a steady stream of balls, while the six uniformed scouts were only a little less murderous with the swift firing from their breech-loading carbines.

To say that the enemy were taken completely by surprise but feebly depicts the result.

For half-a-minute or so it was simply carnage.

A chorus of yells, whoops and screams, mingling with the sharp crack of the rifles, the whistling of the laden messengers of death, and then less than two-thirds of the assailants galloped tumultuously back to the trail, leaving the remainder, dead or dying, in the defile, together with the carcasses of slaughtered ponies, while others, riderless, dashed madly hither and thither.

The case might have still been critical for the defenders, however. For the infuriated hostiles still outnumbered them in the proportion of three or four

to one. They were already gathered in consultation, just out of range; and, with cooler judgment, it would have been a comparatively easy matter to have overpowered the scouts by climbing over one of the adjacent buttes overlooking the latter's position, and thus have peppered them to death at their leisure. But this was not to be.

In fact, Buffalo Bill, quickly aware of the new danger to his party, was just thinking of ordering a temporary retreat back through the pass, for the purpose of securing a more tenable position, when the second fortunate change in the situation took place.

There was a confusion of yells among the consulting Indians, and then they were seen to suddenly disappear over the ridge on which they were gathered, and then shots were heard in the distance yet further beyond.

"Cap. Taylor an' the rest er our boys on to the hostiles' flank!" shouted Joe Biddle, springing to his feet. "Quick, men! we may yet sail inter 'em f'm berhind."

Cody questioned him, and then gave the order of "boots and saddles" for his own party.

In a moment all hands were in the saddle again, and heading up out of the corpse-strewn pass, the trained pack mule—Yankton Charley had selected the animal for this qualification more than any other—intelligently following.

Biddle was right.

On reaching the top of the ridge, they perceived a running fight going on in the valley beyond, between the remnant of Crow Dog's force and nearly the entire body of Captain Taylor's scouts, over a hundred strong.

Or, rather, it should be called a fighting flight, since but a short time elapsed before the hostiles



were routed in panic far away to the north, with several more of their saddles emptied in the doing.

Then Biddle and his friends rejoined their main command, while the rescuing expedition hurried along upon its way, without waiting for the thanks that would doubtless have been theirs.

"We *must* reach the buttes overlooking the Bad Lands for our night's camp, if possible, by sunset!" said Cody, with no care to conceal his anxiety, as he glanced at the fast declining sun. "But if these interruptions are to continue, we'll be stalled midway thither, with no wood for campfire, no decent camping-ground, or anything else."

But yet one more interruption, and, in many respects, the most momentous of all, as affecting the aims of the expedition, was yet in store for them.

The tall and irregular buttes fringing the embrace of the Bad Lands, were already well approached, and the party were hurrying forward over the rough trail, when Yankton Charley, who had been scouting off to the right, came dashing back at a break-neck pace.

"Injuns on the jump! 'ith ther cavalrymen in pursuit!" he cried. "They'll be along this hyar way in less'n three minutes."

Simply forming his party in a solid body upon the rocky slope beside the trail, with the pack mule in the center, with cocked Winchesters, they waited the result.

A moment later, the ragged column of the fugitive Indians came stampeding along the trail, in a mad break for their fastness in the Bad Lands, singly, or by twos, threes, or fours—perhaps forty or fifty in all, and, for the most part, in too much of a hurry to pay any attention to the halted expedition, or even to look to right or left.

Then there came a group of five or six, with a stal-

wart brave—and a singularly handsome one, in spite of his disfiguring warpaint—at their head, and with a veiled squaw among them.

The veil tied about her face and head was a thick blue one, such as any one of the women teachers of the agency schools might have worn to protect her eyes from snow-glare, or her complexion from the biting and chopping wind.

All this was perceived in a fleeting instant, for the entire procession was hurrying past at a break-neck speed as their jaded animals could be urged into.

But the mystery of the veiled squaw was intensified by that very fact—the fleeting nature of her passing—for Buffalo Bill thought, or half-thought, that she furtively waved her hand to him while galloping by.

But of this other fact there could be no doubt—that the young brave heading the group turned his face squarely to the little band on the hillside in passing, and that this incident elicited an exclamation both from the scout and Yankton Charley.

"Big Knife himself, by Jupiter!" ejaculated the former.

"Ther very cuss!" echoed Yankton, with the customary oath, while both Louis Rameau and Red Tomahawk had likewise recognized the brave. "Holy smoke! I wonder 'f that veiled gal cud he been Miss Delmar, what we're bent on rescuin'. Big Knife's just dare-devil enough ter fetch ther young leddy on a jaunt out o' ther Bad.Lands, like ther hyar, in er sheer spirit er brag."

"By heavens! but it is Miss Delmar!"

"Ready, men, for I shall risk it."

"Charge straight for Big Knife and the girl; but don't risk a shot at the chief—leave him to me," answered Buffalo Bill's face was stern as death; he had resolved upon a desperate attempt at rescue against terrible odds.



With a word from Cody, the party bounded forward, and like an avalanche of death swept down upon Big Knife, his veiled captive and his band of picked braves.

It was a surprise, so taken up were the Indians with watching their pursuers away back in the rear. The rescuers were almost upon them before Big Knife was aware of their coming.

Big Knife's wild yell of alarm was drowned by the ringing warcries of Cody and his men.

Straight for the chief and his captive Buffalo Bill rode, while his scouts opened out to shelter him.

Big Knife fired upon him, and the bullet clipped his arm, but the next instant the scout was upon him; his prey fell with a bullet in his brain, just as Buffalo Bill dragged him from the saddle and hurled him to the ground with a force that stunned him.

The scout had dismounted the chief, for he had not intended to kill him, and in a second more was by the side of the veiled captive and was urging her to rapid flight, as he poured a hail of bullets upon the Indian braves whom his scouts were keeping at bay.

Wheeling together, Buffalo Bill and his scouts dashed away, sheltering the veiled captive in their flight, and, as the braves had to get their great chief on his feet and another pony for him, and the pursuing cavalry was now rushing up, the redskins could not pursue the triumphant rescuers.

"A rescue, and but five minutes' work!" cried Buffalo Bill, with pardonable pride, while he added: "I congratulate you, Miss Delmar."

"And I congratulate you, Scout Cody, upon your splendid pluck—the most daring, grandest act of our many desperate deeds of heroism.

"You, and your handful of gallant men, have saved me, for I was held as a hostage, to be put to

death by torture, if the terms of the hostiles were not agreed to.

"God bless you, Mr. Cody; yes, and your brave men," and the voice of the happy girl was choked with emotion.

"We came to rescue you, Miss Delmar, and we have done so.

"Now to get you in safety to your friends with all speed, for the cavalry will keep Chief Big Knife busy," and, having shaken hands with each one of her rescuers, Miss Delmar placed herself alongside of the great scout, and the return to the agency was begun.

It was a long and dangerous ride, but was made in safety, and Miss Delmar was restored that night to her aunt and her lover, while the young lady remarked:

"No more Indian missionary work for me, Scout Cody, and I am ready to return East this very night."

The next day the start of Mrs. Jernyngham, her niece and English guest was made, and Buffalo Bill's scouts found themselves richly rewarded for their work of rescue, their chief receiving a watch and chain, sent later from New York, a diamond pin and a superb pair of revolvers, sent by Mrs. Jernyngham, Miss Delmar and the young Englishman, as tokens of their appreciation.

At the close of the "War of the Bad Lands" Buffalo Bill returned to his scouting duties at the fort, where he was chief of scouts.

THE END.

Next week's issue (No. 46) will contain "Buffalo Bill's Trail of the Ghost Dancers; or, The Sioux Chief's Secret." It's a corker, boys. You've heard of the Ghost Dancers, haven't you? One of Buffalo Bill's most thrilling adventures. Look out for it.





# THRILLING ADVENTURE



More thrills! That's what we have to offer you this week. Entries have been coming in by the hundreds. Of course we can't print a tenth of them. But they all have a chance of winning a prize. You know all about the prizes we offer, of course. If not, look on page 30. Now then, take your hat off to read these stories. Why? Because they'll make your hair stand on end.

## A Robber in the Room.

(By Charles Douglas.)

When I was thirty-one I was passing through the Western States on the track of a speculation which promised well.

My plans had led me to leave the boat at Cincinnati and strike about fifty miles southerly into Kentucky. I found myself at the end of the day in question in a small tavern, waiting for my supper. The house was quite apart from the rest of the town, and seemed to be one of those ill-kept, unattractive inns where a traveler only goes by accident and where he never goes twice. However, I resolved to make the best of it, and partaking of the indifferent meal that was set before me, I asked to be shown at once to my room. This request was complied with, and the landlord left me alone.

I took my candle, and carefully examined the room. It was a small, square apartment, with no furniture save the bed, a chair, and the washstand. I looked under the bed and behind the stand. Nobody was there. I spied a closet, and explored it, with the same result. The door of the room fastened on the inside with a heavy bolt, but to make assurance doubly sure, I set the stand against it, after sliding the bolt, and, not yet content, I moved the bed around and effectually barricaded it. The two windows appeared to be about eight feet from the ground, and these also I secured in such a way that it would be impossible to raise them from the outside.

I placed my pocketbook, containing three thousand three hundred dollars, beneath the pillow, and laid my pistols beside it; then, putting the candle on the stand, I went to bed. I closed my eyes, and at the end of ten minutes opened them again, perfectly sleepless.

I turned on my side; my eye was caught by my pistols lying by the pillow. I looked at them merely for a change of object, and as I looked I made a discovery that sent a chill of terror all over me. The caps had been removed from both of them!

My heart sank within me, and a terror like that of death seized me. Some infernal plot was on foot to destroy me; the mysterious agency that was to take my life might be in readiness that instant. I lay perfectly still, with my eyes almost closed, not daring even to turn upon my back as I had been lying.

It was well for me that I did not. I heard no step, not even a breath; but a long, glittering knife was slowly projected from behind me, and held suspended by a human hand above my head! For a full minute did that dreadful object shine there before my eyes, motionless; and by such an effort of my will as I never made before, I restrained my voice and my limbs. I knew that a movement, a word, would send that knife into my heart.

I drew my breath regularly and quietly—how, I know not,

but I did it. I even counterfeited a slight snore. The robber was apparently satisfied. The knife was still poised above me, but I felt his hand cautiously feeling beneath my pillow. He seized the pocketbook, and slowly drew it forth. A half-suffocated exclamation of delight followed, and the knife was for one incautious instant laid by my head, to allow the opening of the treasure, as I supposed.

What followed passed with almost the speed of thought. My right hand flew to the knife and grasped it as I rolled upon my back. With a terrific oath, the robber started up and threw himself upon me. He was a brawny, muscular villain of thrice my strength, but there was to be no trial of that kind between us. As he flung himself at my throat, I turned the knife upon him; the point took him in the breast, and his weight and impetus drove the blade right through him. With one spasmodic movement he rolled off from me, and tumbled dead on the floor.

I lay there until broad daylight was streaming in at the windows. I then assured myself of the safety of my money and put on my clothes and looked about me. The robber lay on his face; his fall had broken the knife, and a great pool of blood was oozing out on the floor. The mystery of his presence there was soon explained. A secret closet was let into the wall where he had been hidden, and from a chink of which he had seen where I deposited my money. It was arranged so that a part of the wall could be noiselessly opened in, by a door, and from this lurking place had the desperado emerged when he judged me sound asleep, creeping on hands and knees to my bedside, and as it proved, to his own destruction.

## An Adventure with Two Bears.

(By A. Wendell, N. Y.)

When I lived in one of the wildest parts of Pennsylvania I was never so down-hearted but once in my life on seeing the death of a faithful friend who lost his life in trying to save mine. I was one day making my way homeward, after a long hunt through one of our large forests.

My gun was lying carelessly across my shoulder when a faithful dog, Bruno (a large dog) stopped stock-still and backed up with a low growl and gazed into a hollow oak tree.

I looked up and saw a huge bear, looking down as if nothing had happened. As quick as I could I leveled my gun and discharged it at its heart. With a fierce growl, it fell to the ground with a dull thud.

Before I had taken down my gun I was knocked down from behind by the old male bear. He dug his claws into my back



which made the blood flow in streams. My dog, who saw I was getting the worst of the deal, jumped on his neck and we all rolled over on the ground and quite a fight followed. The bear, seeing that the dog was getting the best of him, let me go and went for the dog, who was undermost.

Seizing my hunting-knife from my belt I slashed right and left, and plunged it deep into his heart.

"So thar," says I, "you are what I call used up!"

But I turned around to look for my dog and tears came into my eyes as I saw the poor fellow all covered with blood staring and trying to drag his mangled body toward me.

I ran up to him and gave him a friendly shake of his paws, but he was too far gone.

He wagged his tail feebly and all was over.

He died a brave death, which I shall never forget. This is a true story.

### An Electric Shock.

(By Frank Hovey, Wisconsin.)

One afternoon my cousin, myself, and a dog were playing football in our yard. The dog, which was a large Newfoundland, was named Rover. Somehow, we became interested in the movements of two men who worked for the Electric Railway Company.

They were fixing the wires that stretched from a pole in front of our house to another pole farther up the street. Both men were on the pole in front of our house. One was at the top cutting the wire from which the current was supposed to have been turned off; the other was at the bottom ready to ascend the pole. When the man on top cut the wire it fell to the ground, and a shower of sparks flew about.

Rover, seeing the wire bound when it struck the ground, jumped forward to play with it. One of the men shouted something we didn't understand.

The dog tried to pick up the wire with his teeth, but as soon as he touched it he gave one howl and fell over. George and myself ran and grabbed hold of the animal. I felt a numb feeling, and heard a buzzing in my ears and that is all that I can remember.

When I came to, which was about twelve hours later, I found myself home in bed, with an anxious crowd around me. When I grew stronger my mother gently told me that my cousin was dead when they picked him up. Rover was also dead.

Upon investigation, it was found that the man who had charge of the department where the current was turned off had turned off the current in the wrong wire. He was arrested, but was afterward released.

That was a terrible experience to go through, Frank. You have told it very well.

### A Kicking Gun.

(By C. A. James, Pennsylvania.)

Last spring another fellow and myself went out camping in the wilds of Pike County, Pennsylvania. People said that there were moonshiners up there, and if they thought we were revenue officers they would kill us. One day I was standing alongside of a small river practicing with my revolver at a target nailed on a tree.

All of a sudden I heard the report of a gun, and saw a flash of fire from across the river, and my hat went flying from my head. Instantly I thought it was a moonshiner trying to kill me. I jumped behind a tree, where I could escape the bullets of the moonshiner if it was one. I happened to hear a groan from across the river and looked over, and there, to my surprise, I saw my comrade sitting on the grass rubbing his stomach. I thought he was shot. I called to him and asked him if he was shot.

"Yes," said he, "I'm shot, but with the wrong end of the gun."

I walked across the bridge, which we had made out of logs, and tried to see what was the matter with him.

At first he could not or would not answer, but at last he began to explain. "I was sitting on that log polishing my gun when it went off, and the handle struck me square in the stomach. I thought I was dead," he replied.

"Well, I thought I was dead, too, when I heard the whistle of the bullet. I was standing over the river practicing with my revolver when I heard the gun, and the next instant my hat went flying from my head, taking some hair with it."

"That's my story. Don't you think I had a narrow escape, Jim?" I replied.

"Oh, well, I should say that was a narrow escape, if what you tell me is true, Charlie," replied Jim.

"It's true, all right, for look here, see the hole through my hat. That's where the bullet went through."

"If I were you I'd keep that hat, Charlie, just to show what a narrow escape you had." I did keep the hat, and have it now.

### Adventure with Snakes.

(By Willard Young, Ohio.)

I started to the woods to hunt some small game as there is no large game here now. After killing a squirrel I felt in my pockets for some shells, finding I had lost them all but one.

Being disappointed, I started back home, when I saw a squirrel on a large limb on a chestnut. The squirrel was lying so flat that I had to climb a tree to get a shot at it. I shot my last load, killing it.

When I started down to the ground I was surprised to see a snake which I suppose was waiting for me to come down. I started back, glancing to where the squirrel lay, to see two more snakes fighting over it. It was the bloodiest fight I ever saw. I had to climb out on a limb and let myself down to a limb on another tree, and from there to the ground.

When I reached home I was told by my father that I was lucky to get away so easily, for he said the snakes would climb trees after their prey.

We went back, but could find neither snakes nor squirrel. I was always careful after that not to lose my ammunition.

### A Hairbreadth Escape.

(By Clarence Cook, Pa.)

It was in the fall of 1899 that myself and a friend of mine were hunting deer in the Nigger mountains. I came upon an old buck. My friend being some distance away from me and behind a hill a little so we could not see each other.

Well, the deer saw me and was at the point of turning to run away when I fired and the ball lodged in the shoulder-blade, making the deer quite angry, as most beasts get when wounded. Instead of running away, he came right toward me. I did not get out of my tracks, but was loading my gun to give him the second shot, when about five yards away from me he stopped.

I was not afraid of a deer and did not know their ways when wounded, and was just ready to raise my rifle to shoot when he made one bound from the place where he stood and was upon me. He bucked me over and was trampling over me. I would have sold my chance for five cents just then, but the tables turned.

I called my partner by name and before he got to me I managed to get my hunting knife out of my belt and made a plunge for the deer's heart, driving the knife in to the hilt. But it would not give up until my partner shot it through the heart and the beast dropped upon me, breaking one of the bones in my right arm below the elbow. My body was all bruised up black and blue.

That taught me to get out of the path of an animal that has been wounded as I suffered a great deal of pain. It closed the hunting season for me.

### A Rescue.

(By Harold Dalton, Ont.)

It was in August, and I was going out for a boat ride with a young lady. There was quite a breeze on and my hat blew off. As I bent over to reach it the boat turned over with us.

I dived and presently I got the young lady in the boat. She took the oars and started in for shore. I followed, but when I got near shore I sank and coming up, sank again. A man jumped in the water and pulled me out. I was taken in and brought to. I soon got over it.



# BOYHOODS OF FAMOUS MEN.

This department contains each week the story of the early career of some celebrated American. Watch for these stories and read them, boys. They are of the most fascinating interest.

Those already published are: No. 1—Buffalo Bill; No. 2—Kit Carson; No. 3—Texas Jack; No. 4—Col. Daniel Boone; Nos. 5 and 6—David Crockett; No. 7—General Sam Houston; Nos. 8 and 9—Lewis Wetzel; Nos. 10 and 11—Capt. John Smith; No. 12—Wild Bill; No. 13—Dr. Frank Powell, the Surgeon Scout; No. 14—Buckskin Sam; No. 15—Seneca Adams ("Old Grizzly" Adams); No. 16—Pony Bob (Bob Haslam); No. 17—Major John M. Burke (Arizona Jack); No. 18—Kit Carson, Jr.; No. 19—Charles Emmett (Dashing Charlie); No. 20—Alf Slade; No. 21—Arizona Charlie (Charlie Meadows); No. 22—Yellow Hair, the White Boy Chief (William Burgess).

## No. 23—Broncho Billy (William Powell).

William Powell was the third and youngest son of the famous "Powell Family," the same that gave to the Borderland Frank—"White Beaver"; George—"Night Hawk," both "Heroes of the Plains," and a pair of men who aided much in making the history of the Wild West.

To-day the three Powells are prominent men in the medical profession, and admired and respected in their State, Wisconsin, while few of their friends know of the very thrilling and romantic lives they have led.

Like his brothers, born in New York State, Will Powell went with them and their mother overland by wagon and horseback, to the State of Texas, when he was but a boy of ten.

But Will had had good teachers in his elder brothers, while his mother, a widow, and descended from a prominent Mohawk Indian chief, was a superior woman, well educated, with a strong will, and devoted to her sons.

With a desire to better their fortunes, though possessed of considerable means, Mrs. Powell had decided to seek a new home and to discover just what she wanted, she started overland with a complete riding and driving outfit, a gipsy wagon, ambulance, "prairie schooner," two negro servants, several dogs and with weapons of all kinds and a couple of tents.

Mrs. Powell drove one of the teams, Will the ambulance, the negro man the mule wagon, and Frank and George went as scouts and hunters.

Giving the reins over to the negro woman, often Will would mount his pony and join his elder brothers in their hunts, always at such times perfectly happy and laying the foundation for his future career upon a very solid basis.

There was no hurry, the start was made in the spring of the year, and their trail led from New York, through Pennsylvania, West Virginia, Kentucky, Tennessee, Arkansas and into Texas.

It was the fall of the year before they reached Texas, and the long trail of six months, over mountains and through all kinds of country, had taught the boys much of wild life, hardened their frames and been a grand schooling for them, while Mrs. Powell made it a rule to halt two days in camp of each week, one to be devoted wholly to study, she being the school teacher, the other to perfect rest, for she always kept the Sabbath.

Many adventures had the outfit met with, several of a serious kind, and two that were of a fatal nature, for their camp had been attacked by robbers, and several of their assailants had been killed.

All these things, with an upset in a flatboat in crossing a river, and the drowning of several horses; an adventure in a hurricane, a runaway down a mountain, a fight with wolves and such happenings, served to make the boys more self-reliant and capable of meeting dangers fearlessly and with coolness.

Will Powell was of a quiet yet happy nature and took things as they came, while he knew not what fear was.

He was fond of study, too, and could ride, and shoot a rifle, shotgun and revolver almost as well as could his older brothers.

Finding a good place to settle, Mrs. Powell decided to do so, and the ranch country of Texas was the spot chosen.

Here, for a couple of years the boys entered upon ranch life, built their own cabin, and outbuildings, looked after their own cattle and became really cowboys.

They had settled within the "danger line," for there were hostile Indians not very far away they had to keep an eye on, as well as be on their guard against lawless whites who raided the country to get booty and steal cattle.

Returning one day alone from the settlement twenty miles away, with supplies his mother had sent him after, Billy was overtaken by two rough-looking men, who accused him of stealing the horse that was carrying the large and well-filled pack saddle.

"You know I didn't," said the boy, boldly.

"We know yer did, an' we takes ther hoss an' ther pack, 'cause I guesses yer stole that, too."

"Don't touch that horse," ordered Billy.

"What does yer intend ter do if we does?"

"Come on to our ranch and I'll prove that we bought the horse with us from New York State."

"Who'll yer prove it by?"

"My mother."

"She'll lie as you does."

Billy turned white at this and said:

"If you touch that horse I'll shoot you."

The men laughed and one said:

"Take the horse, Sam, and don't fool no more."

"I'll plug ther boy if he gits too game, and do him up."

Billy waited to hear no more. His shotgun lay across his knees, and as the man grasped the bridle of the pack-horse he fired at the one who had threatened to "do him up."

The gun was loaded with buckshot, and the man dropped



dead, while Billy turned the other barrel upon the second man before he could draw a weapon and cried out:

"I'll kill you, too, mind you."

"Don't do it, boy pard, for we was only jokin' with yer."

"Well, I wasn't, as that man found out. I'll kill you if you don't hold your hands up."

The man obeyed and riding forward Billy unbuckled his belt of arms and hung it upon his saddle horn.

"Now get down and tie that man across his saddle."

The now thoroughly scared desperado obeyed.

"Go ten steps ahead and follow the trail—quick! or I'll shoot."

The man swore, but did as he was told.

It was near sunset when Billy reached home with his dead man and prisoners, and his two brothers shouted:

"Bully for you, Billy."

The two men proved to be desperadoes of the worst kind, and Billy was praised for his pluck and the prisoner was quickly hanged by the ranchmen.

But the gang of outlaws to which they belonged vowed vengeance against the Powells and one night started to clean out the ranch.

Billy was the one, while returning from hunting, who discovered their coming, and it was a ride for life ahead of them to his home, he firing his rifle as he neared it, and shouting to put his mother and brothers upon their guard.

His horse dropped dead from wounds as he reached the yard, but the active boy caught on his feet and reached the door with his pursuers not fifty yards behind him and firing at him.

But Frank and George were there, and, warned by Billy, were ready to defend their home, while Mrs. Powell was also a dead shot, and the negroes were to be relied upon.

The large gang of outlaws stormed the cabin, but were met by a hail of bullets and a number fell.

For several hours they kept up the attack, and Billy and the negro man, Ben, were slightly wounded.

Fearing aid would come, and unable to take the cabin, the gang set the outbuildings on fire and left.

The boys had just time to save their wagons when the cabin caught on fire, and it was a hard fight to get their things out.

But this they did just as help came in a dozen ranchers, and the trail of the raiders was taken.

But the horses and cattle of the ranch had been run off, the houses were in ashes, and Mrs. Powell said:

"Never mind, boys, we will buy riding horses and mules for our wagons and take the trail again to seek a home in a less exposed place."

The boys were willing, and quickly set to work to prepare for their leaving.

The start was made within a few days, as soon as horses and mules were bought, and the wagons and harness repaired.

It was at least a cause of congratulation that though the marauders escaped with their horses and cattle, they had lost half of the force with which they had attacked the Powell ranch, for nine dead bodies were found about the cabin, proving that the aim of the three boys had been most deadly.

Up through the Indian Territory the wagon train took its way, traveling at a slow pace, and meeting with many dangers and adventures on the way.

Once a band of thieving Indians made an attack upon their camp, but were driven off, with the loss of their chief, whom Billy killed, and it was feared that a general uprising would follow.

But a troop of cavalry came to the rescue, and the good Indians were convinced that the Powells were but defending their own lives and property, and trouble was averted.

But the wagon train was halted at the fort for a month until there was no longer a dread of its being attacked.

Then they pulled out for a look at Kansas, where Mrs. Powell thought a good home might be made.

But Kansas was found to be too cold and land too expensive, and so they held on into Nebraska and there the winter was passed, the boys becoming trappers through the long months and laying up a large supply of beaver and other valuable skins that brought them a large price in the settlements.

Not satisfied with her surroundings, and excited by the stories of gold being found in Colorado, it was decided to push on for that State, and the summer was spent in the trail there, and the following winter's camp made in the mining country.

The three boys then turned miners, a stout cabin was built, and they set to work diligently to dig a fortune out of the mountains.

But gold was not as plentiful as they had hoped, mining was hard work, and the mining element about them was very tough and rough, and some of the worst characters seemed to pick upon the "Boy Miners," to drive them out of the country.

It so happened that Billy was the one selected first as a victim, and one day a giant desperado picked a quarrel with him and ended by taking his knife out as he said:

"Ter slit yer ears, same as they does with other little pigster mark their property."

That the bully meant to carry out his threat there was no doubt of, for he got his fingers on Billy's right ear and with a force that would have torn it off, had not the boy slashed his knife across the man's wrist that caused him to howl with rage and pain. His hand hung helpless, but he gave Billy a kick that broke two of his ribs and sent him reeling to the ground, when he rushed forward to trample him to death, in spite of the cries of the men standing around.

But Billy, though badly hurt, was able to take care of himself, and one look showed him that the bully meant to kill him.

He had managed to draw his revolver, and as the huge foot of the desperado was almost in his face, he fired.

With a howl, the man fell dead across the injured boy, who had to call to a man to take him off, for with his broken ribs the pain was such that he could not exert himself.

The ribs were set by an ex-army surgeon in the mines, and Billy was laid up for a couple of months, but the killing of the desperado brought on trouble between the bad men of the mines and the Powells, boys though they were, which ended in a deadly feud, which resulted in the death of half-a-dozen of the worst men in the camps.

Such a career for her sons was what Mrs. Powell was anxious to avoid, and she at once prepared for a leave-taking of that wild country.

They kept their going a secret, and one night after sunset again took the trail. Their going was discovered the next morning and being pursued, a hot fight followed, and the desperadoes were driven off, though each one of the boy trailers was wounded.

Their next halting-place to seek a home was in Missouri, and there their lives were no longer threatened.

But it was amid such scenes as described that Billy Powell's earlier years were passed, and though a terrible schooling for a boy, it taught him how to look out for himself, and made a man of him long before his years of manhood were reached.



When in his seventeenth year Billy was engaged to go into Texas, with a party of Kansas cowboys to drive a herd of cattle into the Northwest.

This was among the most adventurous trails of his life, for some of the cowboys were given to drink, and it was a dangerous land through which they had to pass. There were frequent fights along the way.

When they had secured a large herd of cattle a band of Indians sought to capture them, and the result was a pitched battle, many redskins and half-a-dozen cowboys being killed.

A band of Mexican marauders also sought to run off the herd, but were beaten away, while half-a-dozen prisoners taken were hanged.

All through the long trail Billy greatly distinguished himself, and it was then that he won the title of "Broncho Billy," from his splendid horsemanship and perfect control of the wild horses of the prairie.

Before the trail was ended the third leader of the expedition was killed and Broncho Billy was unanimously elected the captain of the cowboy troop and led the herd in safety to its owners.

Broncho Billy's next move was to become an army scout in the Southwest, and after several years of this service, in which he won a splendid name, he attached himself to the surgeon of the fort, read medicine, and later, graduating as a physician, gave up the wild life of the plains and settled in Wisconsin as a physician.

### Nearly Run Over.

(By Harold Lewis, Massachusetts.)

I am a constant reader of your Buffalo Bill weeklies and like them very much. One day about two years ago I got on my wheel and started for a friend's that lived about a mile away.

I was riding along on a smooth road with my hands off the handle bars. There was a large, flat-bottomed wagon coming along behind me.

I went to cross the road—just then the man started to go into a yard. It ran me into the side of the street. It threw me off. I managed to get out of the way before the wheel went over me. It went over my wheel and broke it badly. There was a man going by in a carriage. He said he thought I was run over sure.

### A Close Call.

(By D. L. Bourgan, N. J.)

One morning last September a lot of boys and I went gunning after reedbirds. We got up to the place about 7:30 a. m., and I had shot about twelve when I came to a barn where there were a lot of sheep. I laid my gun down, but afterward I picked it up and laid it against the barn and climbed up on a big door to see the sheep.

As I got half way up I fell, and the next thing I knew was that I was shot in the stomach. I got on my feet, walked about half a mile to the other boys and asked them how soon they were going home. They said that they weren't going for an hour yet.

"I am shot," I said, so they put me in a boat and rowed me home.

The doctor said I was a lucky boy, for it was only a flesh wound. It kept me in for a month.

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